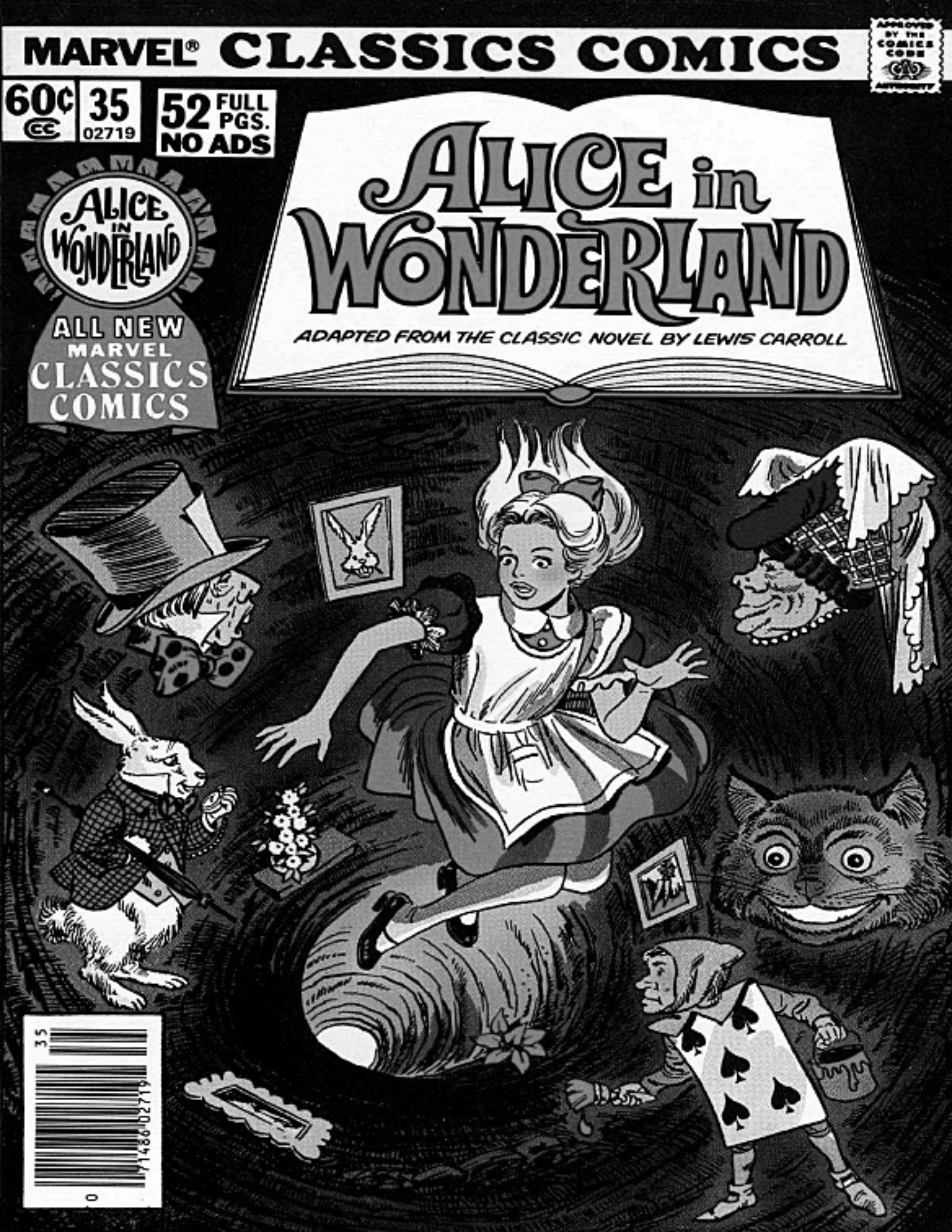
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STAN LEE presents

ALICE in WONDERLAND

by Lewis Carroll

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) (1832–1898) was born in the English village of Daresbury, Cheshire, the son of Reverend Charles Dodgson. He passed his young days in relative ease, attending school at Rugby, and finally entering the Christ Church at Oxford in 1850. He studied a variety of subjects, with an intense concentration on mathematics, a field which had fascinated him early in life. In 1854, he was appointed mathematical lecturer at the Christ Church, a position he retained until 1881.

Although the private life of Charles Dodgson was fairly uneventful, under the literary pseudonym of Lewis Carroll, he gained wide public recognition with the publication of a series of brilliant novels. Most famous among these, was, of course, *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) followed several years later by *Through the Looking Glass* (1872).

Despite the ever increasing fame which the pen-name "Lewis Carroll" earned him, Dodgson continued to write many a scholarly treatise on mathematical theory, such as *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants* (1867) and his most important piece of nonfiction, *Euclid and His Modern Rivals* in 1879.

Lewis Carroll's intense interest in mathematics, language permutations, and anagrams was extraordinarily displayed in *Alice*, which is open to many levels of interpretation beyond the surface children's narrative. *Alice* is possessed of those elusive universal qualities which marks it as a work that will endure for generations to come, and has assured the whimsical author a permanent place in classical literature.

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Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
by Lewis Carroll
Alice, a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where childhood's
dreams are twined.
In memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's withered wreath of flowers
Plucked in a far off land.
ADAPTED BY DOUG MOENCH
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BOLLE

CHAPTER I Down the Rabbit Hole

Alice was getting very **tired** of sitting by her sister on the bank and having **nothing** to do.

So she was trying to decide whether the pleasure of making a **daisy-chain** would be worth all the trouble of **picking** all the daisies...

Later, it occurred to Alice that she should have **wondered** at this, but at the time, it all seemed quite **natural**.

However, since she had never before seen a white rabbit with either a **waistcoat-pocket** or a **watch** to take **out** of it.
...she ran across the field, burning with **curiosity**, just in time to see it pop down a large **rabbit hole**. Things were just **beginning**.

Never once considering how in the world she would get **out** again, down went Alice after the **White Rabbit**...

The rabbit hole went on like a **tunnel** for some way, and there was nothing strange about **that** (except that **she** should be rolling and tumbling **down** the tunnel)...

...but then it dipped suddenly **straight down, and** Alice found herself falling through what seemed to be a **very deep well.**

...for she had plenty of time to look at all the strange things floating around her, and to wonder what was going to happen **next.**

HMM... I WONDER IF I SHALL FALL RIGHT THROUGH THE EARTH? HOW FUNNY IT'LL SEEM TO COME OUT AMONG THE PEOPLE WHO WALK WITH THEIR HEADS DOWNWARD.
Down, down down...
I SUPPOSE DINAH'LL MISS ME VERY MUCH TONIGHT. I HOPE THEY REMEMBER HER SAUCER OF MILK.
(Dinah was the cat.)
DO CATS EAT BATS? DO CATS EAT BATS?
DO BATS EAT CATS?
You see, as Alice couldn't answer either question, it really didn't matter which way she put it.
NOW, DINAH, TELL ME THE TRUTH: DID YOU EVER EAT A--
--BOOF!
THUMP!
The fall was over.
Alice was not a bit hurt, and the White Rabbit was in a hurry.
OH, MY EARS AND WHISKERS, HOW LATE IT'S GETTING!
Alice was close behind when she turned the corner, but the White Rabbit was no longer to be seen.

But all the doors were locked, and it was only when Alice had tried the very last of them that she noticed the tiny gold key on the solid glass table...

AHA!

But, alas!, either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them...

However, on her second time around, Alice came upon a curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was--

A TINY DOOR-- FOR A TINY KEY!

To her great delight, it fitted... but she did not.

THE LOVELIEST GARDEN I EVER SAW! BUT EVEN IF MY HEAD WOULD GO THROUGH, IT WOULD BE OF LITTLE USE WITHOUT MY SHOULDERS.

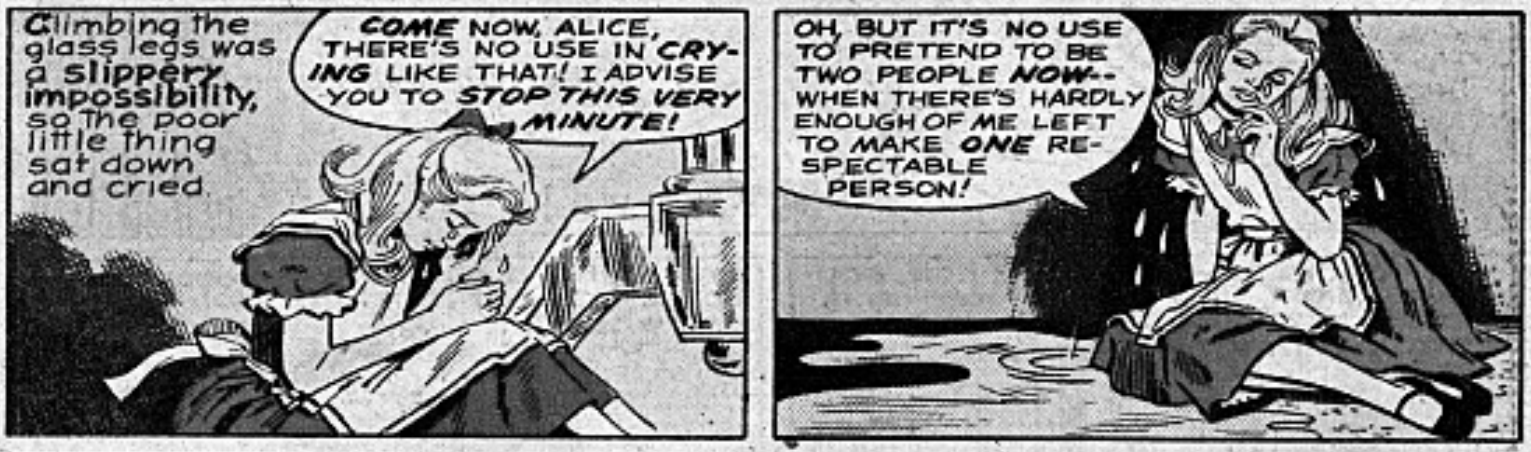
Going back to the glass table, half hoping she might find another key on it she found instead a little bottle...

DRINK ME

And as hard as she checked, this bottle was not marked "poison" anywhere...

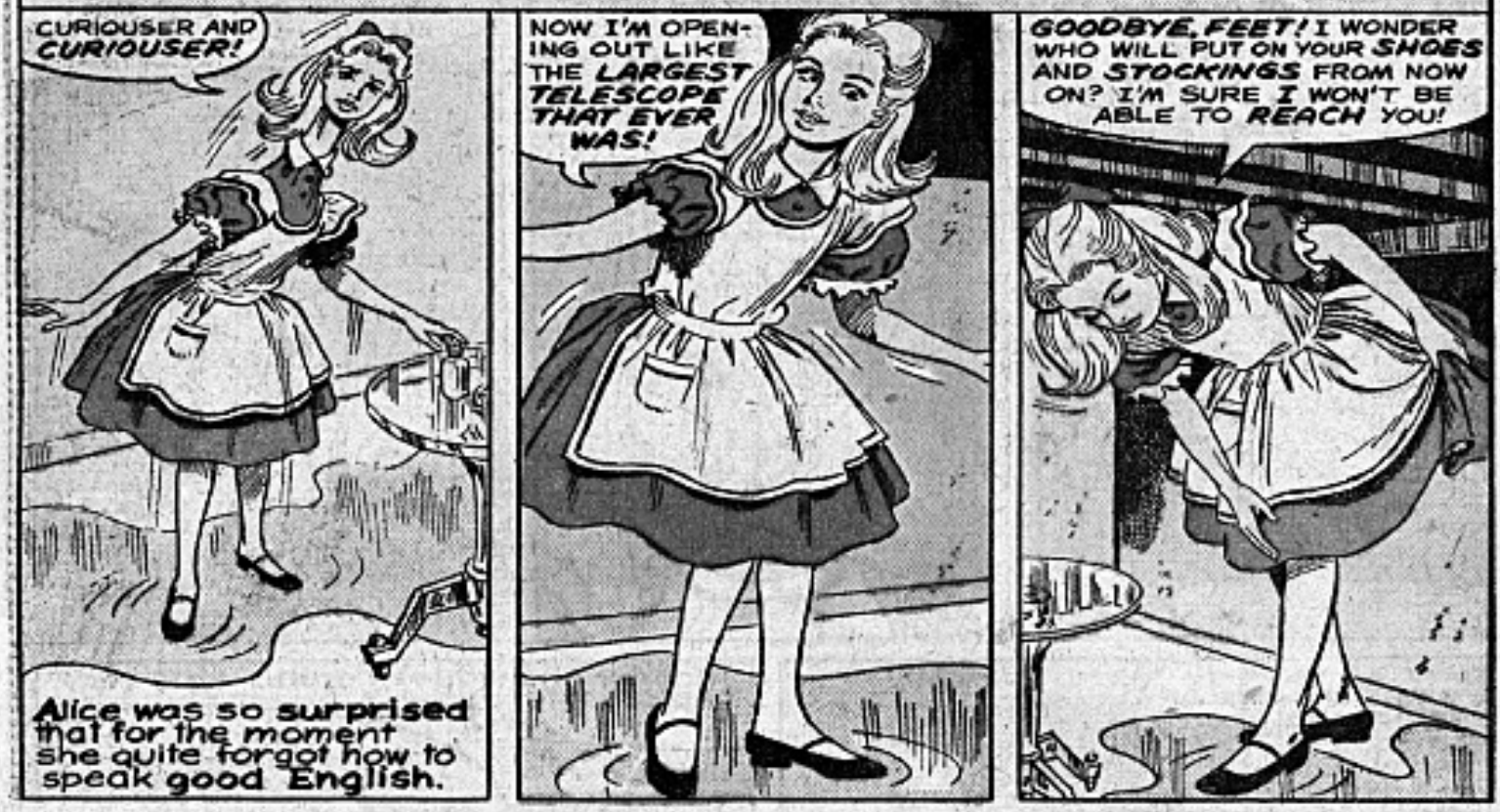
...so she ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice she very soon finished it off.

WHAT A CURIOUS FEELING!
I MUST BE SHUTTING UP...
...LIKE A TELESCOPE!
But alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found that she had forgotten the little golden key.
She was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden...

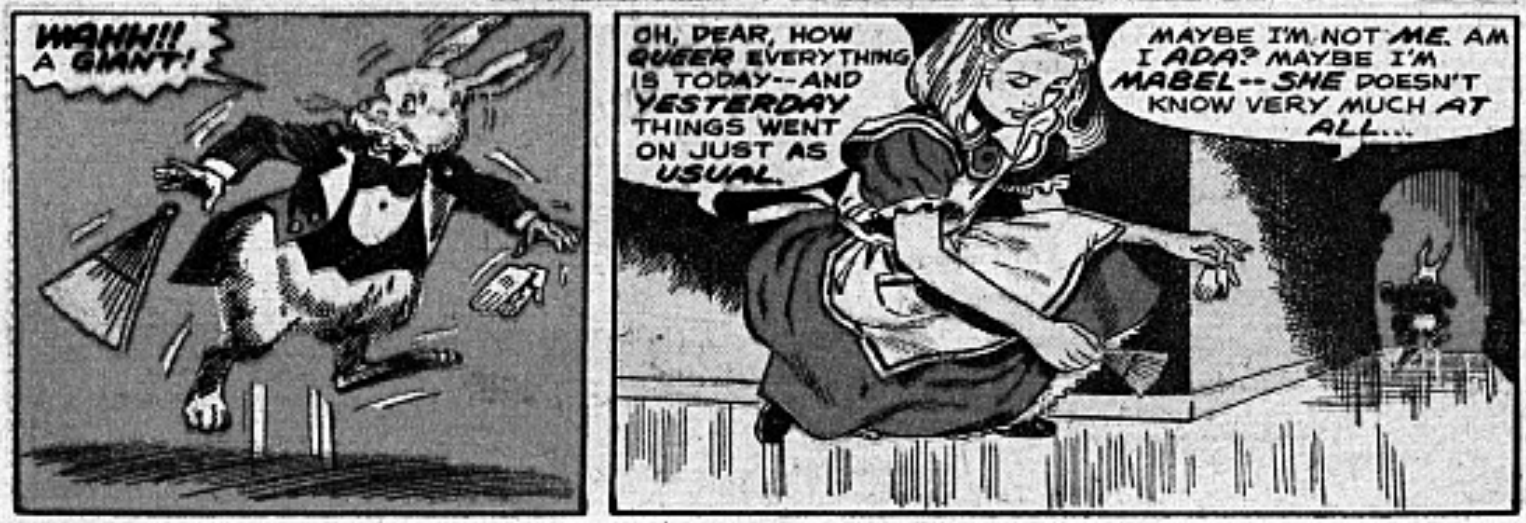

Climbing the glass legs was a slippery impossibility, so the poor little thing sat down and cried.
COME NOW, ALICE, THERE'S NO USE IN CRYING LIKE THAT! I ADVISE YOU TO STOP THIS VERY MINUTE!
OH, BUT IT'S NO USE TO PRETEND TO BE TWO PEOPLE NOW--WHEN THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH OF ME LEFT TO MAKE ONE RESPECTABLE PERSON!

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL EAT IT--AND IF IT MAKES ME GROW LARGER, I CAN REACH THE KEY. IF IT MAKES ME GROW SMALLER, I CAN CREEP UNDER THE DOOR.
EAT ME
So she ate the cake, wondering anxiously, "which way? which way?"--for although one's size usually does not change when one eats cake (except around the middle), Alice was now expecting out-of-the-way things.
Indeed, it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

CHAPTER II The Pool of Tears


CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!
Alice was so surprised that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English.
NOW I'M OPENING OUT LIKE THE LARGEST TELESCOPE THAT EVER WAS!
GOODBYE, FEET! I WONDER WHO WILL PUT ON YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS FROM NOW ON? I'M SURE I WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH YOU!

WH-WHAT'S THAT...?
Then she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance...
OH! THE DUCHESS-- THE DUCHESS! OH, WON'T SHE BE SAVAGE IF I'VE KEPT HER WAITING!
It was the White Rabbit returning.
WHITE RABBIT! IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I NEED SOME--


WAHH!! A GIANT!
OH, DEAR, HOW QUEER EVERYTHING IS TODAY--AND YESTERDAY THINGS WENT ON JUST AS USUAL.
MAYBE I'M NOT ME. AM I ADA? MAYBE I'M MABEL-- SHE DOESN'T KNOW VERY MUCH AT ALL...

I'LL RECITE SOMETHING AND SEE HOW MUCH I KNOW. LET ME SEE... "HOW DOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE IMPROVE HIS SHINING TAIL, AND POURS THE WATERS OF THE NILE ON EVERY GOLDEN SCALE!
"HOW CHEERFULLY HE SEEMS TO GRIN, HOW NEATLY SPREADS HIS CLAWS, AND WELCOMES LITTLE FISHES IN WITH GENTLY SMILING JAWS!"
OH, I'M SURE THOSE ARE NOT THE RIGHT WORDS! I MUST BE MABEL, AFTER ALL! AND HOW BAD FOR ME-- MABEL IS SO DUMB!
WAIT A MINUTE-- I'M WEARING ONE OF THE RABBIT'S WHITE GLOVES! BUT HOW CAN THAT BE--? AM I GROWING SMALL AGAIN...?
Indeed she was-- and shrinking very rapidly at that!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE FAN THAT DID IT! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE, GETTING RID OF THE FAN BEFORE I SHRUNK SO SMALL THAT THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT OF ME.
OH, I WISH I HADN'T CRIED SO MUCH! AND NOW I SHALL BE PUNISHED FOR IT, I SUPPOSE, BY DROWNING IN MY OWN TEARS!

O MOUSE, DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT OF THIS POOL? I'M GETTING VERY TIRED OF SWIMMING...
But the mouse said nothing.
OH, I WISH DINAH WERE HERE. CATS ALWAYS KNOW THE QUICKEST WAY OUT OF WATER.
CATS--?!!
OH, I'M SORRY. BUT DON'T BE ANGRY. I THINK YOU'D TAKE A FANCY TO CATS IF YOU COULD MEET MY DINAH.
AND SHE'S A WONDERFUL ONE FOR CATCHING ANY MICE THAT-- OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON! I... FORGOT. WE WON'T TALK ABOUT HER ANY MORE.
WE--? AS IF I WOULD TALK ON SUCH A SUBJECT! OUR FAMILY ALWAYS HATED CATS--NASTY, LOW, VULGAR THINGS!
It was high time to leave, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it...
So Alice led the way and the whole party swam to the shore

CHAPTER III *A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale*

They were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank.
SILENCE ALL ROUND, IF YOU PLEASE! "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, WHOSE CAUSE WAS FAVORED BY THE POPE, WAS SOON SUBMITTED TO BY THE ENGLISH, WHO WANTED LEADERS--
"--AND HAD BEEN OF LATE MUCH ACCUSTOMED TO USURPATION AND CONQUEST. EDWIN AND MORCAR--"
UGH!
I BEG YOUR PARDON? DID YOU SPEAK?
SPEAK? NOT I!
THEN I PROCEED: "EDWIN AND MORCAR, THE EARLS OF NORTHUMBRIA, FOUND IT ADVISABLE--"
FOUND WHAT?
FOUND "IT." I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT "IT" MEANS.
I KNOW WHAT "IT" MEANS WHEN I FIND IT. IT'S GENERALLY A FROG OR A WORM. THE QUESTION IS: WHAT DID THE EARLS OF NORTHUMBRIA FIND?

I GIVE UP! IF THAT WASN'T DRY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS.
HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON NOW, MY DEAR?
STILL AS WET AS EVER. IT DIDN'T SEEM TO DRY ME AT ALL.
IN THAT CASE, I MOVE THAT THE MEETING ADJOURN. FOR THE IMMEDIATE ADOPTION OF OF MORE ENERGETIC REMEDIES TO--
OH, SPEAK ENGLISH! I DON'T KNOW HALF THOSE LONG WORDS -- AND WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T THINK YOU DO EITHER!
WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY WAS... THE BEST THING TO GET US DRY IS A CAUCUS-RACE.
WHAT'S A CAUCUS-RACE?
WELL, THE BEST WAY TO EXPLAIN IT IS TO DO IT.
So the dodo marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle.
But they all began running when they liked, and left off when they felt like it, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over...
However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the dodo suddenly called out--
THAT'S IT! THE RACE IS OVER!
BUT WHO WON? WHO HAS WON THE CAUCUS-RACE?
EVERYBODY HAS WON, AND ALL MUST HAVE PRIZES! SO, TO MAKE IT EASY: EVERYBODY GIVE YOURSELF A PRIZE.

O MOUSE, YOU PROMISED TO TELL ME YOUR HISTORY, YOU KNOW--AND WHY IT IS YOU HATE...UH... CATS.
YES, MINE IS A LONG AND SAD TALE...

WELL, IT IS A LONG TAIL, CERTAINLY... BUT WHY DO YOU CALL IT SAD? HOW CAN A TAIL BE SAD--?
And she kept on puzzling about this while the mouse began speaking--

"FURY SAID TO A MOUSE, THAT HE MET IN THE HOUSE, 'LET US BOTH GO TO LAW: I WILL PROSECUTE YOU--COME, I'LL TAKE NO DENIAL: WE MUST HAVE THE TRIAL; FOR REALLY THIS MORNING I'VE NOTHING TO DO' SAID THE MOUSE TO THE CUR, 'SUCH A A TRIAL, DEAR SIR, WITH NO JURY OR JUDGE WOULD BE WASTING OUR BREATH.' I'LL BE THE JUDGE, I'LL BE THE JURY' SAID; CUNNING OLD FURY; I'LL TRY THE WHOLE CAUSE, AND CONDEMN YOU TO DEATH.'"

YOU ARE NOT LISTENING! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?!
OH--! I BEG YOUR PARDON. YOU HAD REACHED THE FIFTH BEND OF YOUR TAIL, I THINK?

I HAD NOT!
A KNOT IN YOUR TAIL?! OH, DO LET ME HELP YOU UNDO IT!

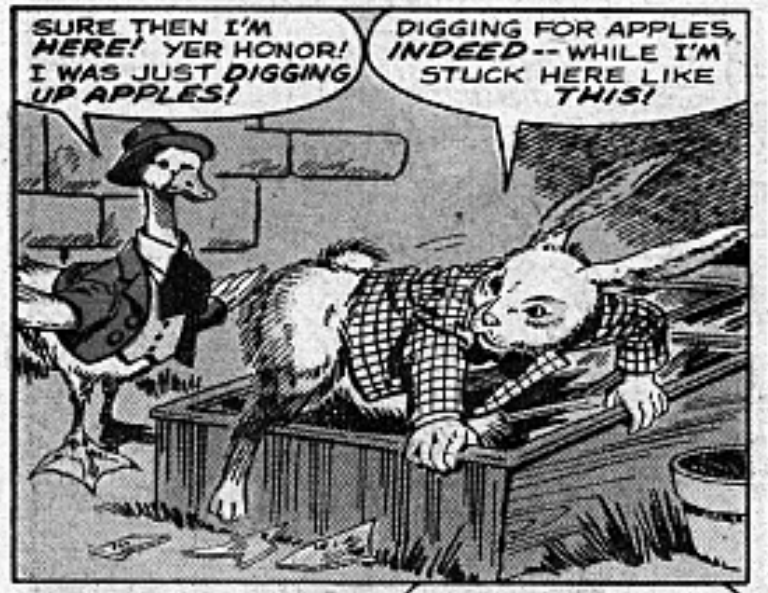
I SHALL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT! YOU INSULT ME BY TALKING SUCH NONSENSE!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT-- BUT YOU ARE EASILY OFFENDED, YOU KNOW! PLEASE COME BACK--AND FINISH YOUR STORY!
OH, I WISH I HAD DINAH HERE--SHE'D SOON FETCH THAT MOUSE BACK.
AND WHO IS DINAH, IF I MAY VENTURE TO ASK THE QUESTION?
DINAH'S OUR CAT, AND SHE'S A WONDERFUL ONE FOR CATCHING MICE. AND I WISH YOU COULD SEE HER GO AFTER THE BIRDS!
DINAH... EATS... BIRDS...?!!
UH, I REALLY MUST BE GETTING HOME--THE NIGHT AIR DOESN'T SUIT MY THROAT.
YES, COME AWAY MY FRIENDS--IT'S HIGH TIME WE WERE ALL IN BED!
OH... YES, I FORGOT... YOU WERE BIRDS.
I WISH I HADN'T EVEN MENTIONED DINAH! NOBODY SEEMS TO LIKE HER DOWN HERE, AND I'M SURE SHE'S THE BEST CAT IN THE WORLD!
OH MY POOR DINAH--I WONDER IF I SHALL EVER SEE YOU AGAIN!
In a little while however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps, and she looked up eagerly, hoping the mouse had returned to finish his story...

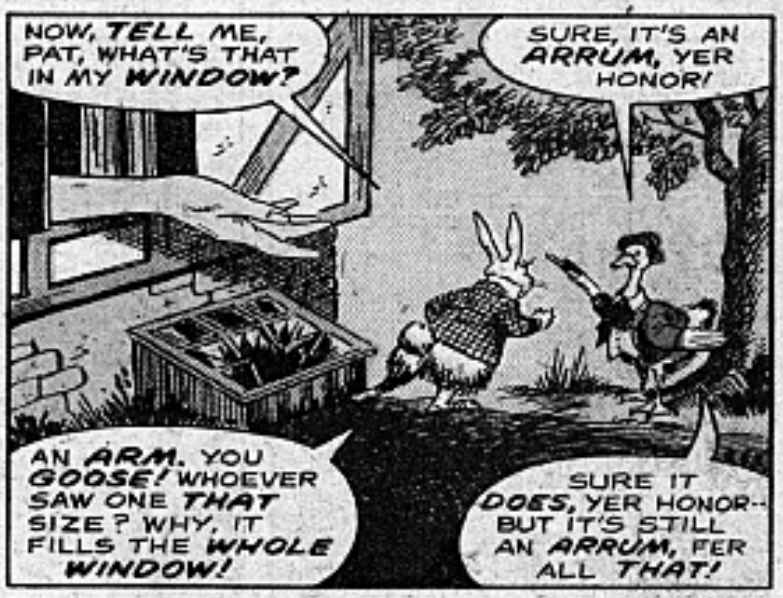
CHAPTER IV The Rabbit Sends In a Little Bill

But it was the White Rabbit.
I'LL BET YOU'RE LOOKING FOR--
THE DUCHESS! SHE'LL HAVE ME EXECUTED, AS SURE AS FERRETS ARE FERRETS! WHERE CAN I HAVE DROPPED THEM, I WONDER?
WHY, MARY ANN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? RUN HOME THIS VERY INSTANT AND FETCH ME A PAIR OF GLOVES AND A FAN! QUICK, NOW!
Alice was so frightened that she obeyed at once--
--running off in the direction the White Rabbit had pointed...
HE TOOK ME FOR HIS HOUSEMAID, I IMAGINE BUT IT'S MY FAULT HE LOST THE GLOVES AND FAN, SO I'D BETTER FIND HIM NEW ONES--IF I CAN.

WHENEVER I EAT OR DRINK ANYTHING HERE, SOMETHING INTERESTING HAPPENS--SO I'LL JUST SEE WHAT THIS BOTTLE DOES.
I HOPE IT'LL MAKE ME GROW LARGE AGAIN--I'M QUITE TIRED OF BEING SO TINY.

The liquid made her grow larger indeed-- and much sooner than she had expected!
OH, WHY DID I DRINK SO MUCH? SOMETIMES I THINK IT WAS MUCH PLEASANTER AT HOME-- WHEN ONE WASN'T ALWAYS GROWING UP AND DOWN AND BEING ORDERED ABOUT BY MICE AND RABBITS!
I USED TO READ FAIRY TALES, AND NOW HERE I AM IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE. THERE OUGHT TO BE A BOOK WRITTEN ABOUT ME!
MARY ANN! WHERE ARE MY GLOVES?
I THINK I'LL LET THE RABBIT SEE HOW IT FEELS..
MARY ANN! WHERE ARE--
YAAHHH!! PUT ME DOWN!!
Alice was so startled that she obeyed on instinct...
PAT! WHERE ARE YOU? COME HELP ME, PAT!!
KRASH!!


SURE THEN I'M HERE! YER HONOR! I WAS JUST DIGGING UP APPLES!
DIGGING FOR APPLES, INDEED -- WHILE I'M STUCK HERE LIKE THIS!


NOW, TELL ME, PAT, WHAT'S THAT IN MY WINDOW?
SURE, IT'S AN ARRUM, YER HONOR!
AN ARM, YOU GOOSE! WHOEVER SAW ONE THAT SIZE? WHY, IT FILLS THE WHOLE WINDOW!
SURE IT DOES, YER HONOR-- BUT IT'S STILL AN ARRUM, FER ALL THAT!

WELL, IT'S GOT NO BUSINESS THERE, WHATEVER IT IS! TAKE IT AWAY!
BEST WE GET BILL, YER HONOR--SEND HIM UP THE LADDER AND DOWN THE CHIMNEY...

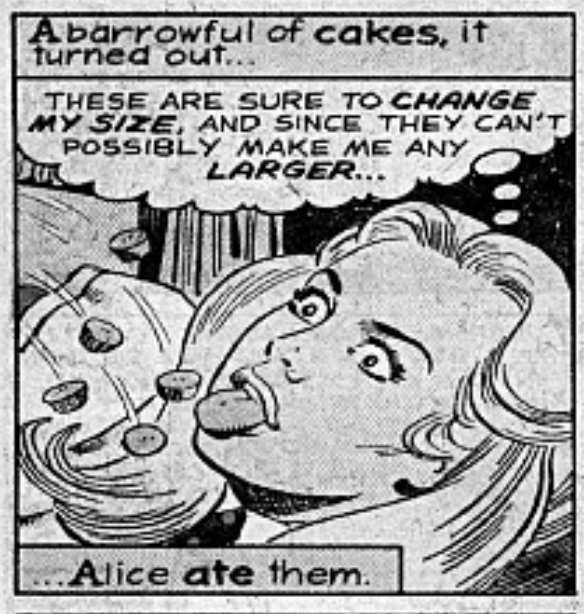
THAT'S IT, BILL --UP YE GO, LAD!
SO THEY'RE SENDING THIS BILL AFTER ME, ARE THEY? WELL, I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN HIS PLACE!

Then waiting until she heard a little animal scratching in the chimney, Alice gave one sharp kick up the fireplace...

WHAAOA!!
OH, NO-- THERE GOES BILL!

HEY, JOHNNY-- GET SOME BRANDY-- QUICK!
BILL! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU--?!
WELL, I'M A DEAL FLUSTERED... ALL I KNOW IS, SOMETHING COMES AT ME LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX AND UP I GOES LIKE A SKY-ROCKET!

LET'S JUST BURN THE WHOLE PLACE DOWN!
NO--THAT'S MY HOUSE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! A BARROWFUL OF JOHNNY'S TRICKS WILL DO!
IF THEY HAD ANY SENSE THEY'D TAKE THE ROOF OFF-- BUT A BARROWFUL OF WHAT?


A barrowful of cakes, it turned out...
THESE ARE SURE TO CHANGE MY SIZE, AND SINCE THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY MAKE ME ANY LARGER...
...Alice ate them.

And as soon as she was small enough to get through the door--
LOOK! THERE GO THE ARRUMS, YER HONOR!
--they all made a rush at her.

Alice soon found herself safe in a thick wood...
THE FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS TO GROW MY RIGHT SIZE AGAIN, AND THE SECOND THING IS TO FIND THAT LOVELY GARDEN. I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO EAT OR DRINK SOMETHING BUT WHAT?
WAIT-- THERE'S SMOKE UP THERE...

JUST A LARGE MUSHROOM, TALLER THAN ME. BUT WHAT'S MAKING IT SMOKE ON TOP--? I SHALL HAVE TO FIND OUT...

CHAPTER V *Advice from a Caterpillar*

WHO... ARE YOU?
AT THE MOMENT, I... I HARDLY KNOW, SIR. I KNEW WHO I WAS WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING, BUT I'VE CHANGED SEVERAL TIMES SINCE THEN...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? EXPLAIN YOURSELF.

I CANNOT EXPLAIN MYSELF, I'M AFRAID -- BECAUSE I'M NOT MYSELF, YOU SEE.
I DON'T SEE
WELL I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF TO BEGIN WITH -- BEING SO MANY DIFFERENT SIZES IN A DAY IS VERY CONFUSING.

IT IS NOT.
PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T FOUND IT YET, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE TO TURN INTO A CHRYSALIS -- AND YOU WILL, YOU KNOW -- AND AFTER THAT INTO A BUTTERFLY, I SHOULD THINK YOU'LL FEEL A BIT QUEER, WON'T YOU?

NOT A BIT.
WELL PERHAPS YOUR FEELINGS ARE DIFFERENT. ALL I KNOW IS: IT WOULD FEEL VERY QUEER TO ME.
YOU? WHO... ARE ...YOU?
NEVER MIND. SO YOU THINK YOU'VE CHANGED, DO YOU?
I'M AFRAID I HAVE, SIR. I CAN'T REMEMBER THINGS--AND I CAN'T KEEP THE SAME SIZE FOR MORE THAN TEN MINUTES.
CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THINGS?
WELL, I TRIED TO SAY "HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE," BUT IT CAME OUT DIFFERENT-- ALL ABOUT A CROCO-DILE.
RECITE "'YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM."
YOU ARE OLD FATHER WILLIAM,' THE YOUNG MAN SAID, 'AND YOUR HAIR HAS BECOME VERY WHITE;
"'AND YET YOU INCESSANTLY STAND ON YOUR HEAD--DO YOU THINK AT YOUR AGE, IT IS RIGHT?'
"'IN MY YOUTH,' FATHER WILLIAM REPLIED TO HIS SON, 'I FEARED IT MIGHT INJURE THE BRAIN;
"'BUT NOW THAT I'M PERFECTLY SURE I HAVE NONE, WHY I DO IT AGAIN AND AGAIN.'"
THAT IS NOT SAID RIGHT.
NOT QUITE RIGHT, I'M AFRAID--SOME OF THE WORDS HAVE GOT ALTERED.
IT IS WRONG FROM BEGINNING TO END.
And the caterpillar sat there in smoky silence for some minutes...

Then, when his hookah had burned out...
WHAT SIZE DO YOU WANT TO BE?
WELL, I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A LITTLE LARGER, SIR, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND.
Abruptly, the caterpillar angrily reared himself upright -- and was the same height as Alice.
IT IS A VERY GOOD HEIGHT INDEED!
BUT I'M NOT USED TO IT! OH, I WISH YOU CREATURES WOULDN'T BE SO EASILY OFFENDED!
YOU'LL GET USED TO IT IN TIME, BUT IF YOU'RE IMPATIENT...
...ONE SIDE WILL MAKE YOU GROW TALLER, AND THE OTHER SIDE WILL MAKE YOU GROW SHORTER.
ONE SIDE OF WHAT? AND THE OTHER SIDE OF WHAT--?
OF THE MUSHROOM...
And then the caterpillar was out of sight.
BUT WHICH SIDE IS WHICH?
I SUPPOSE THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TELL...
FIRST I'LL TRY NIBBLING ON THE RIGHT-HAND BIT TO TO SEE WHAT EFFECT IT--
OH, MY!
I HOPE I CAN OPEN MY MOUTH ENOUGH TO NIBBLE ON THE LEFT-HAND BIT!
SKOP

Indeed her chin was pressed so closely against her foot that the task was extremely difficult--but at last she managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand mushroom bit...

And immediately...

WELL, MY *HEAD'S* FREE AT LAST-- BUT WHERE HAVE MY *SHOULDERS* GONE? AND THE *REST* OF ME-- I CAN'T SEE *ANYTHING* DOWN THERE!

AND I MUST FIND MY *HANDS*-- AT LEAST MY *RIGHT* ONE, SO I CAN GROW *SMALL-ER* AGAIN!

Then nibbling first at one bit, then at the *other*, growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter--

--she finally settled at nine inches tall.

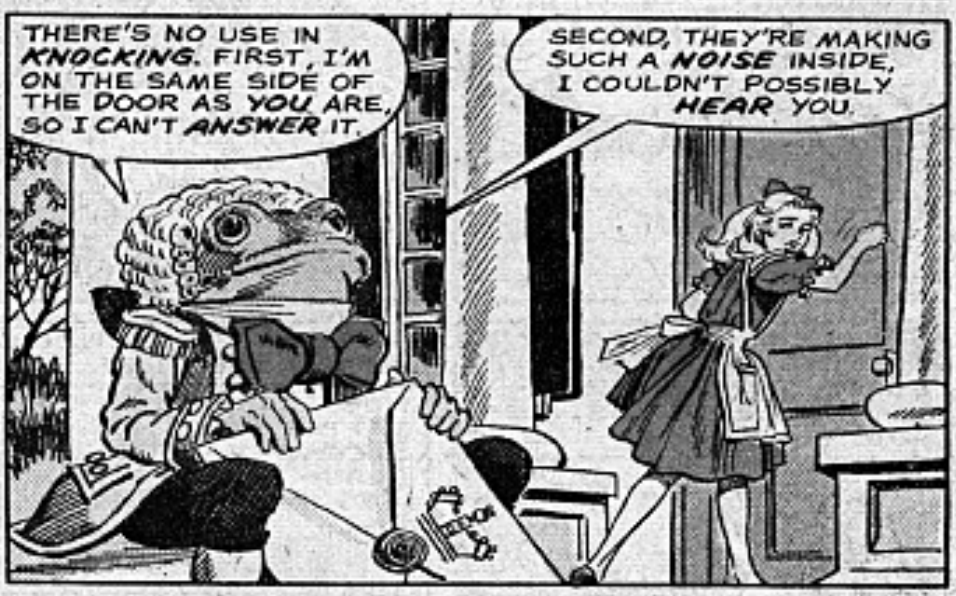
WELL, THIS IS A LITTLE BETTER. NOW FOR THE *SECOND* PART OF MY PLAN-- TO FIND THAT *BEAUTIFUL GARDEN*...

But instead of the garden, Alice soon found--

WHY, IT'S A LITTLE *HOUSE*-- AND JUST *MY SIZE*.

CHAPTER VI Pig and Pepper

FOR THE DUCHESS. AN INVITATION FROM THE QUEEN TO PLAY CROQUET.
FROM THE QUEEN. AN INVITATION FOR THE DUCHESS TO PLAY CROQUET.


THERE'S NO USE IN KNOCKING. FIRST, I'M ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE DOOR AS YOU ARE. SO I CAN'T ANSWER IT.
SECOND, THEY'RE MAKING SUCH A NOISE INSIDE, I COULDN'T POSSIBLY HEAR YOU.

AH-CHOO
WAAHH
KRASH
AH-CHOO
YES, THERE IS SOME MOST EXTRAORDINARY NOISE IN THERE-- HOWLING AND SNEEZING AND CRASHING. BUT HOW DO I GET IN?
IF YOU WERE INSIDE I COULD LET YOU OUT--BUT AS IT IS, I SHALL SIT HERE ALL DAY...

So she went inside...
AH-CHOO! SURELY THERE'S TOO MUCH PEPPER IN THAT SOUP!
NO SUCH THING AS TOO MUCH PEPPER!
AH-CHOO
WAAHHHH
AH-CHOO! I ASSUME YOU'RE THE DUCHESS-- COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHY YOUR CAT GRINS LIKE THAT?
IT'S A CHESHIRE CAT, THAT'S WHY. AH-CHOO!!
BAAWWW
SHUT UP, YOU PIG!
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT CHESHIRE CATS ALWAYS GRINNED-- IN FACT, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT CATS COULD GRIN.
THEN YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH-- AND THAT'S A FACT!
WAHHH
KRASH
BASH
KREESH
WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU ALMOST TOOK OFF THE BABY'S PRECIOUS NOSE!!
SINCE YOU CARE ENOUGH FOR THE LITTLE PIG'S NOSE TO STICK YOUR NOSE IN MY BUSINESS, HERE-- YOU NURSE HIM!
I MUST GO AND GET READY TO PLAY CROQUET WITH THE QUEEN.
I'VE GOT TO GET THIS CHILD OUT OF HERE--OR IT'LL BE DEAD IN A DAY OR TWO!

IT WOULD BE MURDER TO LEAVE IT BEHIND WITH--
GRUNT
DON'T GRUNT. THAT'S NO WAY FOR A SWEET BABY TO EXPRESS--
GRUNT
IT'S NOT A BABY-- IT'S A PIG AFTER ALL, JUST AS THE DUCHESS SAID!
GRUNT
Alice went deeper into the woods and came upon the Cheshire Cat grinning ear to ear...
CHESHIRE PUSS, WOULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHICH WAY I SHOULD WALK FROM HERE?
THAT DEPENDS A GREAT DEAL ON WHERE YOU WANT TO GET TO.
I DON'T MUCH CARE WHERE I GET TO--
THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY YOU WALK, DOES IT?
--SO LONG AS I GET SOMEWHERE.
OH, YOU'RE SURE TO DO THAT IF YOU WALK LONG ENOUGH.
I SEE. WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE LIVE AROUND HERE?
IN THAT DIRECTION LIVES A HATTER...
...AND IN THAT DIRECTION LIVES A MARCH HARE.
YOU VISIT EITHER LIKE. THEY'RE BOTH MAD.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO AMONG MAD PEOPLE.
YOU CAN'T HELP IT-- WE'RE ALL MAD HERE. I'M MAD. YOU'RE MAD.
HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M MAD?
YOU MUST HAVE GONE MAD... IF YOU CAME HERE.
THEN HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE MAD?
TO BEGIN WITH, A DOG'S NOT MAD AND A DOG GROWLS WHEN IT'S ANGRY AND WAGS ITS TAIL WHEN ITS PLEASED-- BUT I GROWL WHEN I'M PLEASED AND WAG MY TAIL WHEN I'M ANGRY, BECAUSE I'M MAD.
I CALL IT PURRING, NOT GROWLING.
CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE. DO YOU PLAY CROQUET WITH THE QUEEN TODAY?
I'D LIKE TO, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED.
YOU'LL SEE ME THERE -- AT LEAST SOME OF ME
BY THE WAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BABY?
IT TURNED INTO A PIG.
I THOUGHT IT WOULD.
WELL, I'VE SEEN MANY A CAT WITHOUT A GRIN-- BUT NEVER A GRIN WITHOUT A CAT.
SINCE I'VE ALREADY SEEN HATTERS BEFORE, THE MARCH HARE WILL BE MUCH MORE INTERESTING.
I'D BETTER GROW UP TO ABOUT TWO FEET HIGH, JUDGING BY THE SIZE OF THE HOUSE... AND I DO HOPE HE'S NOT RAVING MAD...
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO SEE THE HATTER INSTEAD.

CHAPTER VII A Mad Tea-Party

THEN IT WASN'T VERY CIVIL OF YOU TO OFFER IT.
IT WASN'T VERY CIVIL OF YOU TO SIT DOWN WITHOUT BEING INVITED.
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR TABLE-- IT'S LAID OUT FOR A GREAT MANY MORE THAN THREE.

YOUR HAIR NEEDS CUTTING.
YOU SHOULD LEARN NOT TO MAKE PERSONAL REMARKS. IT'S VERY RUDE.
SPLOSH
But the Mad Hatter only giggled...

...then, his eyes going wide, he said--
WHY IS A RAVEN LIKE A WRITING-DESK?
OH, NOW WE SHALL HAVE SOME FUN! I'M GLAD YOU'VE BEGUN ASKING RIDDLES.
DO YOU MEAN YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND OUT THE ANSWER TO IT?
EXACTLY SO.
THEN YOU SHOULD SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.
I DO-- OR AT LEAST I MEAN WHAT I SAY, WHICH IS SAME THING.
NOT THE SAME THING A BIT! WHY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL SAY THAT "I SEE WHAT I EAT" IS THE SAME THING AS "I EAT WHAT I SEE!"
OR THAT "I LIKE WHAT I GET" IS THE SAME THING AS "I GET WHAT I LIKE!"
OR THAT "I BREATHE WHEN I SLEEP" IS THE SAME AS "I SLEEP WHEN I BREATHE!"
The Dormouse had begun talking in his sleep.
IT IS THE SAME THING WITH YOU, DORMOUSE. WHAT DAY OF THE MONTH IS IT?
THE FOURTH.
TWO DAYS OFF! I TOLD YOU BUTTER WOULDN'T SUIT THE WORKS!
IT WAS THE BEST BUTTER...
WELL, SOME CRUMBS MUST HAVE GOTTEN INSIDE AS WELL -- YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT THE BUTTER IN WITH THE BREAD-KNIFE!
MAYBE THIS WILL CLEAN IT OUT... BUT IT WAS THE BEST BUTTER, YOU KNOW.
WHAT A FUNNY WATCH! IT TELLS THE DAY OF THE MONTH, BUT NOT WHAT HOUR IT IS?
WHY SHOULD IT? DOES YOUR WATCH TELL YOU WHAT YEAR IT IS?

OF COURSE NOT, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE IT STAYS THE SAME YEAR FOR SUCH A LONG TIME.
WHICH IS JUST THE CASE WITH MINE.
I DON'T QUITE... UNDERSTAND YOU...
BASH
EXCUSE ME, BUT THE DORMOUSE IS ASLEEP AGAIN.
HAVE YOU GUESSED THE RIDDLE YET?
OF COURSE, OF COURSE-- JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO REMARK MYSELF.
SWAK
NO, I GIVE UP! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA. WHO CARES ABOUT RAVENS?
YOU MIGHT DO SOMETHING BETTER WITH THE TIME THAN WASTING IT BY ASKING RIDDLES WITHOUT ANSWERS.
IT'S HIM-- I QUARRELED WITH HIM LAST MARCH AT THE GREAT CONCERT GIVEN BY THE QUEEN OF HEARTS...
...WHEN I HAD TO SING: "TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE BAT, HOW I WONDER WHERE YOU'RE AT, UP ABOVE THE WORLD YOU FLY, LIKE A TEATRAY IN THE SKY..."
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, TWINKLE...
WELL, I'D HARDLY FINISHED THE FIRST VERSE WHEN THE QUEEN BAWLED OUT: HE'S MURDERING THE TIME! OFF WITH HIS HEAD!"
HOW DREADFULLY SAVAGE!
AND EVER SINCE THEN, HE WON'T DO A THING I ASK. IT'S ALWAYS SIX O'CLOCK NOW.
IS THAT THE REASON SO MANY TEA-THINGS ARE PUT OUT HERE?
YES, IT'S ALWAYS TEA-TIME, WITH NO TIME TO WASH THE THINGS BETWEEN WHILES.
THEN YOU KEEP MOVING ROUND THE TABLE, I SUPPOSE?
EXACTLY SO, AS THE CUPS GET USED UP

BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU COME TO THE BEGINNING AGAIN?
LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT-- I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS. I VOTE THE YOUNG LADY TELLS US A STORY.
I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW ONE...
THEN THE DORMOUSE SHALL!
WAKE UP, DORMOUSE!
I WASN'T ASLEEP-- I HEARD EVERY WORD YOU FELLOWS SAID.
TELL US A STORY-- AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT OR YOU'LL BE ASLEEP BEFORE IT'S DONE!
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE THREE LITTLE SISTERS, ELSIE, LACIE, AND TILLIE, AND THEY LIVED AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL--
WHAT DID THEY LIVE ON?
THEY LIVED ON TREACLE.
THEY COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT--THEY'D HAVE BEEN ILL.
SO THEY WERE-- VERY ILL.
BUT WHY DID THEY LIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL?
TAKE SOME MORE TEA.
BUT I HAVEN'T HAD ANY YET, SO I CAN'T TAKE MORE.
YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T TAKE LESS. IT'S VERY EASY TO TAKE MORE THAN NOTHING.
NOBODY ASKED YOUR OPINION
WHO'S MAKING PERSONAL REMARKS NOW?
OH, WHY DID THEY LIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL?
IT WAS A TREACLE-WELL.
BUT THERE'S NO SUCH THING!
WELL, IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT IT, YOU FINISH THE STORY.

NO, PLEASE GO ON--I WON'T INTERRUPT YOU AGAIN. I DARE SAY THERE MAY BE ONE TREACLE-WELL...
ONE, INDEED! ANYWAY, THESE THREE SISTERS WERE LEARNING TO DRAW, YOU KNOW--
WHAT DID THEY DRAW?
TREACLE.
CLEAN CUPS--MOVE DOWN! ALL MOVE ONE PLACE DOWN!
In the Style 10/6
BUT WHERE DID THEY DRAW THE TREACLE FROM?
IF YOU CAN DRAW WATER OUT OF A WATER-WELL THEN YOU CAN DRAW TREACLE OUT OF A TREACLE-WELL, STUPID.
BUT THEY WERE IN THE WELL.
OF COURSE THEY WERE--WELL IN. THEY WERE LEARNING TO DRAW AND THEY DREW EVERYTHING THAT BEGINS WITH AN M, SUCH AS MOUSETRAPS AND THE MOON AND MEMORY AND MUCHNESS. DID YOU EVER SEE A DRAWING OF MUCHNESS?
WELL, NOW THAT YOU ASK ME, I DON'T THINK--
THEN YOU SHOULDN'T TALK.
This last piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear...
She got up in great disgust and stalked off. The Dormouse had fallen asleep and neither of the others took the least notice of her going...

The last time she looked back, they were trying to stuff the dozing Dormouse into a tempestuous teapot...
I'LL NEVER GO BACK THERE AGAIN--THAT WAS THE STUPIDEST TEA-PARTY I'VE EVER SEEN!
WELL, THIS IS VERY CURIOUS--BUT EVERYTHING'S CURIOUS TODAY. I MAY AS WELL GO IN...
AH, BUT THIS TIME I'LL MANAGE FAR BETTER...
Then she set to work nibbling at the proper mushroom until she was just the right size--
--to walk straight down the gloomy passage--
--and into the beautifully bright garden.
AT LAST!

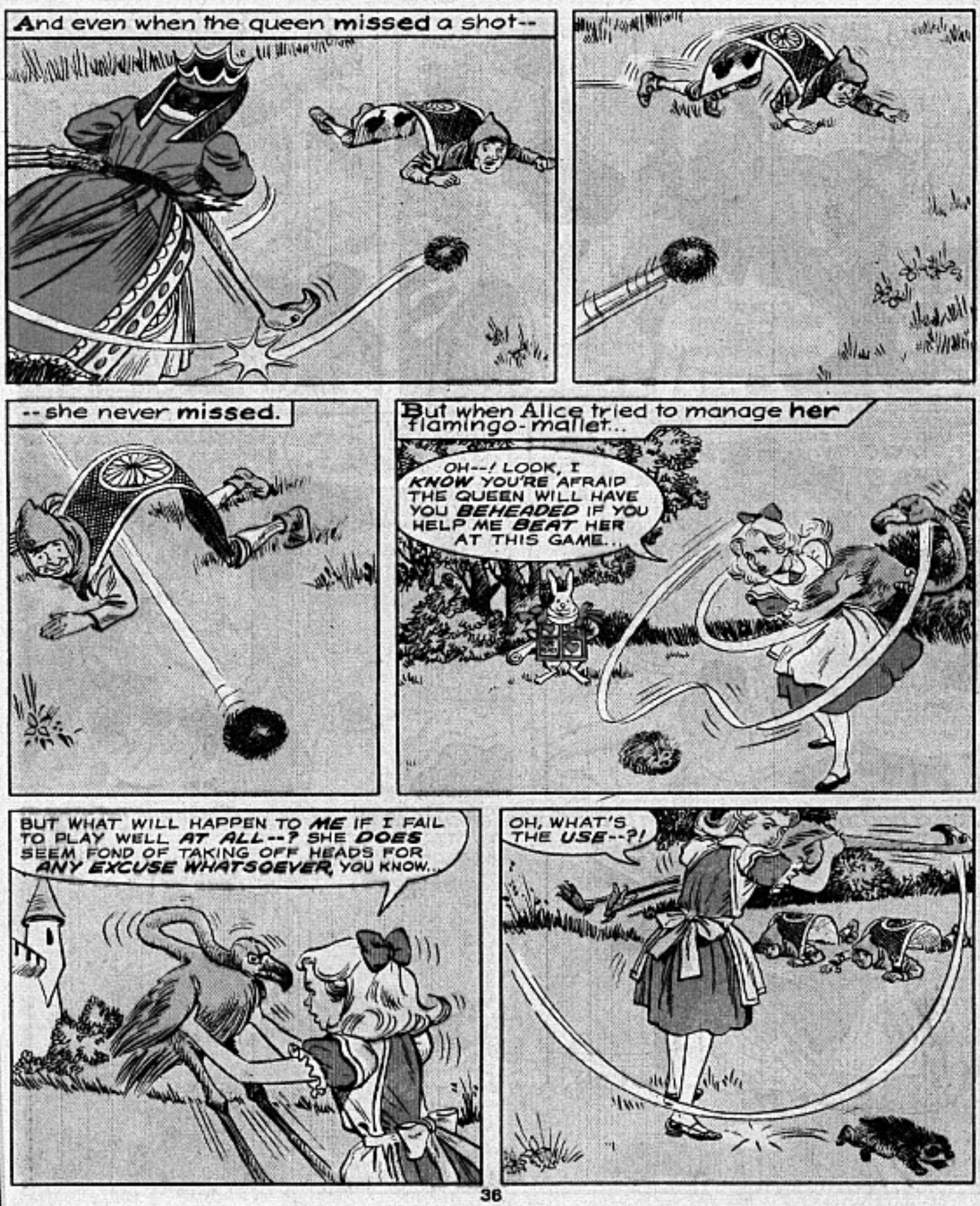
CHAPTER VIII The Queen's Croquet-Ground

There were red and white roses everywhere, but they all dripped.
WATCH OUT, FIVE! DON'T GO SPLASHING PAINT OVER ME LIKE THAT!
I COULDN'T HELP IT-- SEVEN JOGGED MY ELBOW!
THAT'S RIGHT, FIVE-- ALWAYS LAY THE BLAME ON OTHERS!
YOU'D BETTER NOT TALK, SEVEN! I HEARD THE QUEEN SAY ONLY YESTERDAY YOU DESERVED TO BE BEHEADED!
WHAT FOR?
THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, TWO!
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'RE PAINTING ALL THE WHITE ROSES RED?
WE PUT THE WHITE ONES IN BY MISTAKE-- AND IF THE QUEEN WAS TO FIND OUT, WE'D HAVE OUR HEADS CUT OFF.
THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN! SHE'S COMING!!
And the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their bellies.

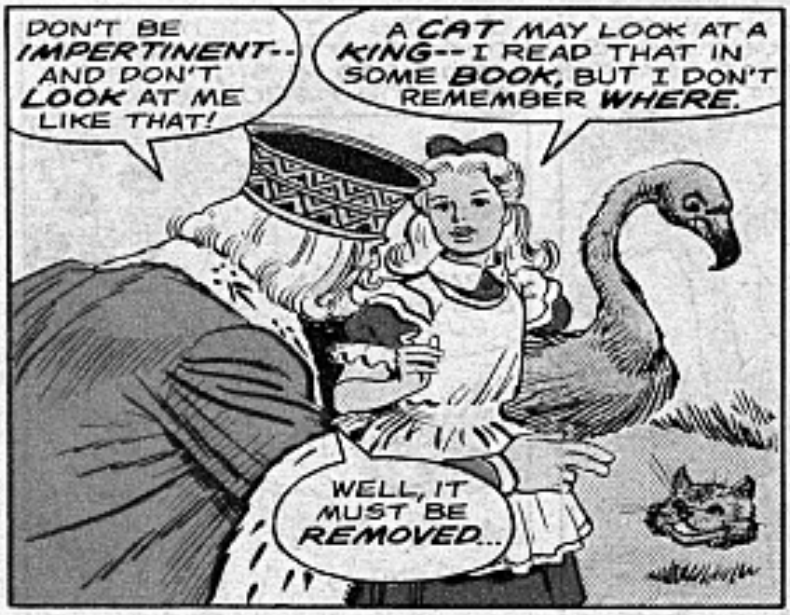
BUT WHY ARE THE GARDENERS LYING DOWN? WHAT'S THE USE OF A PROCESSION IF YOU LIE ON YOUR FACE AND CAN'T SEE IT?
...and last of all in this grand parade came The King and Queen of Hearts!
WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK UP-- WHAT'S YOUR NAME, CHILD?
MY NAME IS ALICE, IF IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY.
AND EVEN IF IT DOESN'T. AFTER ALL, THEY'RE ONLY A PACK OF CARDS.
AND WHO ARE... THESE?!
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? IT'S NO BUSINESS OF MINE.

And sure enough, the queen turned crimson with fury, and glared at Alice like a wild beast...
OFF WITH HER HEAD! OFF WITH--
UH, PLEASE CONSIDER, MY DEAR -- SHE IS ONLY A... CHILD.
OH, NONSENSE!
WELL, THEN, HOW AM I TO KNOW WHO THESE FOOLS ARE WHEN THE PATTERN ON THEIR BACKS IS THE SAME AS ALL THE REST OF THE PACK?! TURN THEM OVER, KNAVE!
Y-YES, YOUR M-MAJESTY!
And the knave of hearts did so, very carefully, with one foot...
GET UP! EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING HERE-- MAKING THESE ROSES DRIP!
M-MAY IT PLEASE YOUR M-MAJESTY, WE WERE JUST--
I SEE! PAINTING WHITE ROSES RED!
OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!!
YOU SHAN'T BE BEHEADED-- NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! THIS IS ABSURD.
And so they looked for the three gardeners without luck...
ARE THEIR HEADS OFF?!
THEIR HEADS ARE... UH, GONE, IF IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY.
THAT'S RIGHT! IT PLEASES ME ENORMOUSLY.

CAN YOU PLAY CROQUET?
YES.
COME ON THEN--JOIN THE PROCESSION!
IT'S... IT'S A VERY FINE DAY...?
THE WHITE RABBIT-- I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU. YES, A VERY NICE DAY. WHERE'S THE DUCHESS?
HUSH! THE DUCHESS IS UNDER SENTENCE OF EXECUTION.
WHAT FOR?
DID YOU SAY, "WHAT A PITY."?
NO I DIDN'T-- I DON'T THINK IT'S A PITY AT ALL. I SAID "WHAT FOR?"
NOT SO LOUD. SHE BOXED THE QUEEN'S EARS. YOU SEE, SHE CAME RATHER LATE AND THE QUEEN SAID--
GET TO YOUR PLACES!
Alice had never seen such a curious croquet ground in her life.
SWUMP
OUCH!


And even when the queen missed a shot--
--she never missed.
But when Alice tried to manage her flamingo-mallet...
OH--! LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE AFRAID THE QUEEN WILL HAVE YOU BEHEADED IF YOU HELP ME BEAT HER AT THIS GAME...
BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME IF I FAIL TO PLAY WELL AT ALL--? SHE DOES SEEM FOND OF TAKING OFF HEADS FOR ANY EXCUSE WHATSOEVER, YOU KNOW...
OH, WHAT'S THE USE--?!

But just as Alice was looking about for some way of escape...
OH--! IT'S THE CHESHIRE CAT--AT LEAST I'LL HAVE SOMEBODY TO TALK TO...
I TOLD YOU YOU'D SEE ME HERE. HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?
IT'S NO USE SPEAKING TO YOU UNTIL YOUR EARS HAVE COME--OR AT LEAST ONE OF THEM.
But the cat seemed to think there was quite enough in sight, and only the head appeared...
THEY'RE NOT PLAYING FAIRLY, CHESHIRE PUSS.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE QUEEN?
NOT AT ALL. SHE'S SO EXTREMELY--
AHEM!
--UH... LIKELY TO WIN THAT IT'S, UH HARDLY WORTHWHILE FINISHING THE GAME.
GOOD CHILD.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, CHILD?
IT'S A FRIEND OF MINE--A CHESHIRE CAT. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE IT...
I DON'T LIKE THE THE LOOK OF IT AT ALL-- BUT IT MAY KISS MY HAND IF IT LIKES.
I DON'T LIKE--AND I'D RATHER NOT.


DON'T BE IMPERTINENT-- AND DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!
A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING-- I READ THAT IN SOME BOOK, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE.
WELL, IT MUST BE REMOVED...

OH, MY DEAR? I WISH YOU WOULD HAVE THIS CAT REMOVED...
OFF WITH ITS HEAD!

BUT, SIRE, YOU CAN'T CUT OFF A HEAD UNLESS THERE'S A BODY TO CUT IT OFF FROM.
ANYTHING THAT HAS A HEAD CAN BE BEHEADED, AND DON'T TALK NONSENSE!

IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE ABOUT IT IN LESS THAN NO TIME, I'LL HAVE EVERYBODY EXECUTED!

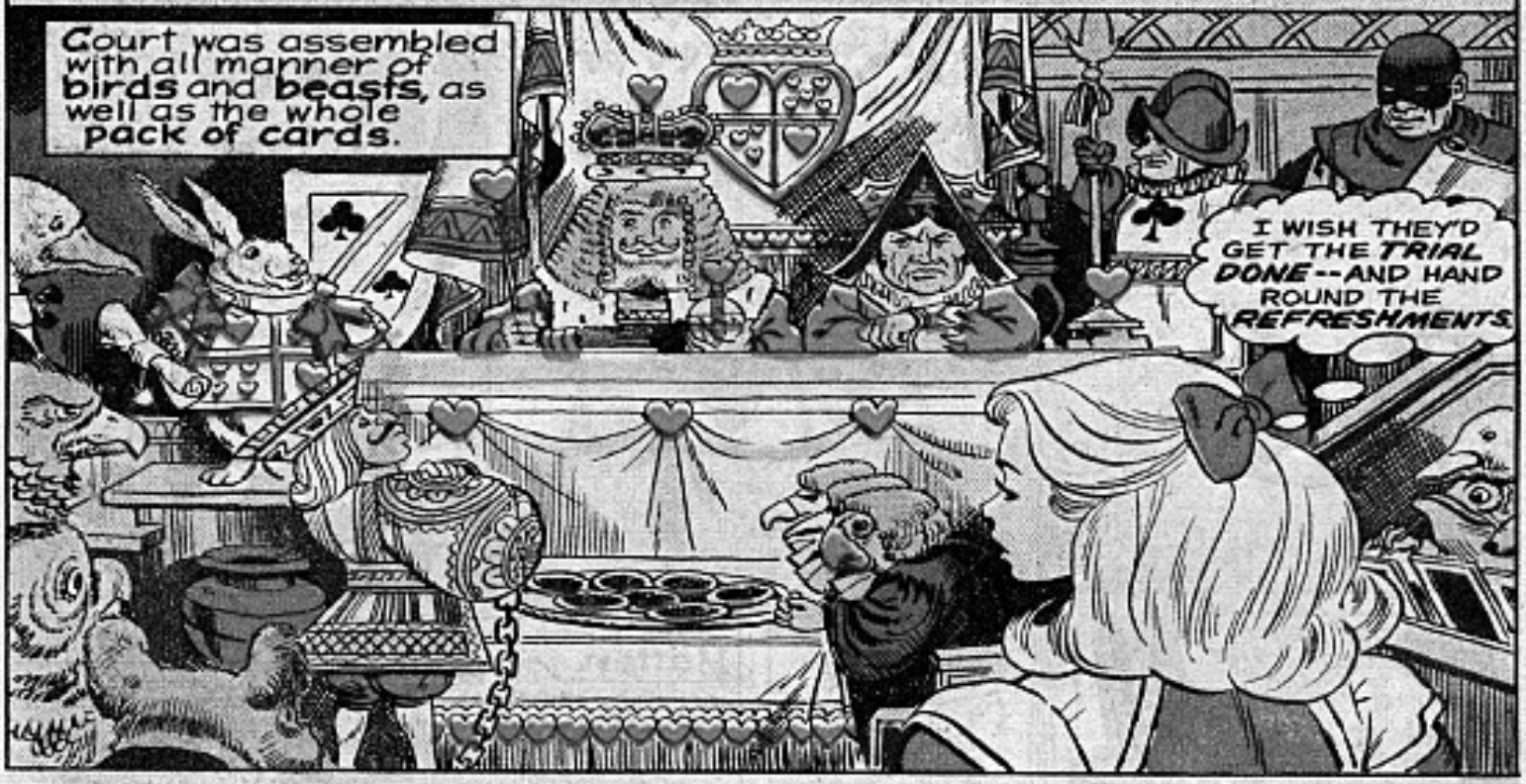
BUT THE CAT BELONGS TO THE DUCHESS-- YOU'D BETTER ASK HER ABOUT IT.
SHE'S IN PRISON. FETCH HER HERE, EXECUTIONER!

HERE, PUSS-- HERE, KITTY, KITTY!
So the king went looking for the cat, while the queen returned to her game.

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU AGAIN, YOU DEAR OLD THING.
WHY, SHE'S SO VERY PLEASANT NOW. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE PEPPER THAT MADE HER SO SAVAGE WHEN WE FIRST MET...
YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING, MY DEAR, AND THAT MAKES YOU FORGET TO TALK. THERE'S A MORAL IN THAT, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT...
PERHAPS IT DOESN'T HAVE ONE.
TUT, TUT, CHILD-- EVERYTHING'S GOT A MORAL! IF ONLY YOU CAN FIND IT..
THE GAME'S GOING ON RATHER BETTER NOW.
YES IT IS, AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS--'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND!
SOMEBODY SAID THAT MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND!
AH, WELL! IT MEANS MUCH THE SAME THING.
HOW FOND SHE IS OF FINDING MORALS IN THINGS..
YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I DON'T PUT MY ARM AROUND YOUR WAIST. I'M DOUBTFUL ABOUT THE TEMPER OF YOUR FLAMINGO, BUT SHALL I TRY?
BETTER NOT--HE MIGHT BITE.
FLAMINGOES AND MUSTARD BOTH BITE. AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS--BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER!
EXCEPT MUSTARD ISN'T A BIRD.
WHAT A CLEAR WAY YOU HAVE OF PUTTING THINGS!

IT'S A MINERAL, I THINK...
OF COURSE IT IS. THERE'S A LARGE MUSTARD-MINE NEAR HERE, AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS--THE MORE THERE IS OF MINE, THE LESS THERE IS OF YOURS.
OH, I KNOW! IT'S A VEGE-TABLE! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ONE BUT IT IS
I QUITE AGREE, AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS--NEVER IMAGINE YOURSELF NOT TO BE OTHERWISE THAN WHAT IT MIGHT APPEAR TO OTHERS THAT WHAT YOU HAD BEEN WOULD HAVE APPEARED TO THEM TO BE OTHERWISE.
I THINK I WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT BETTER IF I HAD IT WRITTEN DOWN.
THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I COULD SAY IF I CHOSE.
PLEASE-- DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF.
OH, DON'T TALK ABOUT TROUBLE. I MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF EVERYTHING I'VE SAID SO FAR AND IF Y-Y-YOU...
OH, MY.
A F-FINE DAY, YOUR M-M-MAJESTY..
NOW, I GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING: EITHER YOU OR YOUR HEAD MUST BE OFF! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
The Duchess took her choice--
--and was gone in an instant.
COME ON-- IT'S TIME FOR THE TRIAL...
WHAT TRIAL IS THAT?
THE KNAVE'S TRIAL...

CHAPTER IX Who Stole the Tarts


Court was assembled with all manner of birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards.
I WISH THEY'D GET THE TRIAL DONE--AND HAND ROUND THE REFRESHMENTS.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books...
THE KING MUST BE THE JUDGE--BECAUSE OF HIS GREAT WIG.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING? THEY CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WRITE DOWN YET--BEFORE THE TRIAL'S BEGUN...
THEY'RE PUTTING DOWN THEIR NAMES--SO THEY WON'T FORGET THEM BEFORE THE END OF THE TRIAL.

SILENCE IN THE COURT!
HERALD, READ THE ACCUSATION.
At this, the White Rabbit blew three blasts on his trumpet...
TU-RAWW
TU-RAWW
TU-RAWWWW
"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, SHE MADE SOME TARTS, ALL ON A SUMMER DAY; THE KNAVE OF HEARTS, HE STOLE THOSE TARTS, AND TOOK THEM QUITE AWAY!"
CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT, JURORS!
NO--NOT YET! THERE'S A GREAT DEAL TO COME BEFORE THAT!
THEN CALL THE FIRST WITNESS.
The first witness was the Mad Hatter.
I BEG PARDON, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT I HADN'T QUITE FINISHED MY TEA WHEN I WAS SUMMONED.
YOU SHOULD HAVE FINISHED. WHEN DID YOU BEGIN?
FOURTEENTH OF MARCH, WASN'T IT?
FIFTEENTH.
SIXTEENTH.
WRITE THAT DOWN.
And the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates, added them up, and reduced them to shillings and pence.

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT.
IT ISN'T MINE.
STOLEN! MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, JURORS!
I KEEP THEM TO SELL. I'VE NONE OF MY OWN. I'M A HATTER-- RATHER A MAD ONE, I THINK.
In This Style 10/6
GIVE YOUR EVIDENCE-- AND DON'T BE NERVOUS, OR I'LL HAVE YOU EXECUTED ON THE SPOT!
CRUNCH
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SQUEEZE ME SO MUCH: I CAN HARDLY BREATHE.
I CAN'T HELP IT-- I'M GROWING.
YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO GROW HERE.
DON'T TALK NONSENSE-- YOU'RE GROWING TOO!
YES, BUT I GROW AT A REASONABLE PACE--NOT IN THAT RIDICULOUS FASHION!
THIS HATTER LOOKS TOO FAMILIAR. BRING ME THE LIST OF SINGERS FROM THE LAST CONCERT.
GIVE YOUR EVIDENCE, HATTER, OR I'LL HAVE YOU EXECUTED WHETHER YOU'RE NERVOUS OR NOT!
I'M A POOR MAN, YOUR MAJESTY, AND WHAT WITH THE TWINKLING OF THE TEA AND--

THE TWINKLING OF WHAT--?
IT BEGAN WITH A TEA, YOUR MAJESTY...
OF COURSE TWINKLING BEGINS WITH A T! DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A DUNCE? GO ON!
WELL, MOST THINGS TWINKLED AFTER THAT-- BUT I'M A POOR MAN, YOUR MAJESTY..
YOU'RE A POOR SPEAKER! IF THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, YOU MAY STAND DOWN!
I CAN'T GO ANY LOWER-- I'M ON THE FLOOR AS IT IS.
THEN YOU MAY SIT DOWN!
I'D RATHER FINISH MY TEA...
GET OUT OF HERE!
AND JUST TAKE HIS HEAD OFF OUTSIDE! I HAVEN'T FOUND HIS NAME ON THE LIST YET, BUT I MIGHT!
CALL THE NEXT WITNESS!
And before the next witness had even entered...
AH-CHOO
AH-CHOO
AH-CHOO
AH, I KNOW WHO THIS WILL BE...
...THE DUCHESS' COOK.
GIVE YOUR EVIDENCE.
SHAN'T.
AH-CHOO
AH-CHOO
AH-CHOO

YOUR MAJESTY MUST CROSS-EXAMINE THIS WITNESS.
WELL, IF I MUST, I MUST. WHAT ARE TARTS MADE OF?
PEPPER, MOSTLY.
TREACLE.
NEVER MIND! CALL THE NEXT WITNESS!
AH-CHOO
REALLY, MY DEAR, YOU MUST CROSS-EXAMINE THE NEXT WITNESS. IT QUITE MAKES MY FOREHEAD ACHE.
THE NEXT WITNESS TO BE CALLED IS--
--ALICE!!
HERE!
KRASH!
OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON!
THE TRIAL CANNOT PROCEED UNTIL ALL THE JURORS ARE BACK IN THEIR PROPER PLACES!
WELL? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS BUSINESS?
NOTHING.

CHAPTER X Alice's Evidence

NOTHING WHATEVER, EH? RULE FORTY-TWO: ALL PERSONS MORE THAN A MILE HIGH ARE TO LEAVE THE COURT!
I'M NOT A MILE HIGH.
YOU ARE.
NEARLY TWO MILES HIGH.
WELL, I SHAN'T GO, AT ANY RATE. BESIDES THAT'S NOT A REGULAR RULE--YOU INVENTED IT JUST NOW!
OLDEST RULE IN THE BOOK. CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT, JURORS.
WAIT! THERE'S MORE EVIDENCE, YOUR MAJESTY! THIS PAPER...
WHAT IS IT?
IT SEEMS TO BE A LETTER, WRITTEN BY THE PRISONER TO... TO SOMEBODY.
WELL, BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING, AND GO ON TILL YOU COME TO THE END--THEN STOP.
"I GAVE HER ONE, THEY GAVE HIM TWO; YOU GAVE US THREE OR MORE; THEY ALL RETURNED FROM HIM TO YOU; THOUGH THEY WERE MINE BEFORE.

WHY, THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT PIECE OF EVIDENCE WE'VE HEARD YET... BUT WHAT DID THE KNAVE DO WITH THE TARTS?
THE LETTER SAYS: "THEY ALL RETURNED FROM HIM TO YOU."
WHY, THERE THEY ARE! NOTHING CAN BE CLEARER THAN THAT!
NOW: LET THE JURY CONSIDER THEIR VERDICT!
NO! SENTENCE FIRST-- VERDICT AFTERWARD!
STUFF AND NONSENSE! THE IDEA OF HAVING THE SENTENCE FIRST!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE!
I WON'T!
OFF WITH HER HEAD!!
OH, WHO CARES ABOUT YOU? YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PACK OF CARDS!
STOMP
And at this the whole pack rose up into the air...
OFF WITH HER HEAD!!

NO--!
NO!
WAKE UP, ALICE! YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING.
OH, I...I'VE HAD SUCH A CURIOUS DREAM!
YES, DEAR, I'M SURE IT WAS A CURIOUS DREAM. BUT RUN ALONG TO YOUR TEA NOW--IT'S GETTING LATE.
Alice's sister remained on the bank, leaning her head back against the tree, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice...
...until she too began dreaming...
OH, DEAR! OH, MY! I'M LATE--I'M SO VERY LATE!
...after a fashion.
END

"You are old, father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

'You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"